

DWIGHT'S
JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, EDITOR.

VOLS. IX. AND X.



BOSTON:
PRINTED BY EDWARD L. BALCH, No. 21 SCHOOL STREET.
1857.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 209.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1856.

VOL. IX. No. 1.

Dwight's Journal of Music,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.
When left by Carrier, \$2,50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, No. 21 School St. Boston.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "
" GEORGE P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row, "
" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I. "
" C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, New York. "
" SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 769 Broadway, "
" GEORGE DUTTON, Jr., Rochester, N. Y. "
" G. ANDRE & CO., 19 South Ninth St. Philadelphia. "
" JOHN H. MELLOR, Pittsburg, Pa. "
" MILLER & BEACHAM, 181 Baltimore St. Baltimore. "
" W. D. ZOGBAUM & CO., Savannah, Ga. "
" W. F. COLBURN, Cincinnati, O. "
" HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O. "

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by
JOHN S. DWIGHT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court
of the District of Massachusetts.]

THE CASTLE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Translated from the French of Madame Dubéant, for the
Journal of Music.

CHAPTER I.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Before reaching that part of my life which
forms the subject of my story, I must relate in a
few words who I am.

I am the son of a poor Italian tenor singer
and a beautiful French lady. My father's name
was Tealdo Soavi; I shall not name my mother, as I
was never owned by her, which did not prevent
her from being always kind and generous to me.
I shall only say that I was brought up in the fam-
ily of the Marchioness of — at Turin and at
Paris, under a false name.

The marchioness admired artists, without lov-
ing Art. She understood nothing about it; a
waltz by Strauss or a fugue of Bach's pleased
her alike. In painting she had a weakness for
green and golden draperies, and could not endure
a badly framed picture. Gay and charming, she
danced at forty like a sylph, and smoked cigar-
ettes with a grace which I have only seen in her.
She had no remorse at having yielded to the
temptations of her youth, and although she made
no secret of it, would have thought it in bad taste
to proclaim it. She had by her husband a son,
whom I never called my brother, but who has
always been to me a kind comrade and a pleasant
friend.

I was brought up as it pleased God; money
was not spared upon me. The marchioness was
rich, and although she took no interest in my
abilities nor in my progress, she considered it a

duty to refuse me no means of development. If
she had really been only my distant relation and
my benefactress, as she seemed to be, I should
have been the happiest and most grateful of or-
phans; but the servants had too much part in my
early education to let me remain long ignorant of
the secret of my birth. As soon as I left their
hands I strove to forget the grief and terror
which their indiscretion had caused me. My
mother allowed me to see the world by her side,
and from the little care that she gave her other
son, that I had no reason to complain. So I
treasured no bitterness against her, as I never
could have done fairly; but there was in the
depths of my soul, early and forever, a shade of
melancholy, united to a great deal of patience,
outward forbearance, and deep resolution.

At times I felt a strong desire to love and em-
brace my mother. She granted me a smile in
passing, a caress by stealth. She consulted me
in the choice of her jewels and her horses; she
congratulated me upon having *taste*, praised my
instincts of *savoir-vivre*, and never scolded me in
my life; neither did she ever understand my
need of sympathy with her. The only motherly
words which escaped her were in asking me one
day, when she observed my sadness, if I was jeal-
ous of her son, or if I did not think myself as
well treated as the *heir of the house*. Now,
except the empty pleasure of a name, and the
false pleasure of a position in the world fitted
only for idleness, my brother really was no better
off than I. I understood, once for all, at rather
a tender age, that any feeling of envy or spite
would be mean and ungrateful on my part. I
perceived that my mother loved me as much as
she was capable of loving, more, perhaps, than
she loved my brother; for I was the child of her
love, and my face pleased her more than the
image of her husband in his heir.

I strove then to please her by applying myself
more closely than he to the lessons, for which she
paid with the same liberality and the same *insou-
ciance* for both. She noticed one day that I had
profited by them, and that I was capable of get-
ting along through the world. "And my son,"
said she, with a smile, "he is in great danger of
being ignorant and lazy, is he not?" Then she
added, naïvely: "See how fortunate it is that
these children should have each understood their
position." She kissed my forehead, and all was
said. My brother thought it no reproach to him.
Thanks to her delicate instincts, without suspect-
ing it, she had destroyed in us all leaven of emu-
lation, and it is easy to be seen, that between a
legitimate and an illegitimate son emulation might
easily be changed into hatred and jealousy.

I worked then on my own account, and I could
devote myself, without anxiety or morbid self-love,
to the pleasure which I naturally found in knowl-
edge. Surrounded by artists and people of the
world, my choice was also naturally made. I felt
myself an artist, and had been badly treated by
those who were not. I might have pressed for-
ward in my career with a morese and haughty
eagerness. But there was none of that. All my
mother's friends encouraged me with their good
wishes; and feeling in no ways hurt, I entered into
the path which seemed to be mine with the calm-
ness and serenity of a soul that freely takes pos-
session of its high estate. I gave all my faculties
to the study of painting, without restlessness, ir-
ritation, or impatience. Not until I was twenty-
five did I feel that my powers had reached the
first degree of development, and it would then
have been too late to regret any waverings.

My mother was no longer living. She had
forgotten me in her will, but she died in dictating
for me a very graceful note, congratulating me
upon my first successes, and in signing a check
to her banker for the payment of my brother's
first debts. She had done as much for me as for
him, since she had put us both in the way to
become men. I reached the goal first; I only
relied upon my courage and my intelligence. My
brother relied upon his fortune and his man-
ners; and I would not have exchanged my fate
for his.

For the past few years I had rarely seen my
mother. I wrote to her but seldom. It pained
me to call her, as she desired, "my kind protec-
tress." Her letters gave me a sad delight, for
they only contained questions of essential detail
and offers of money corresponding to my work.
"It seems to me," wrote she, "that it is some
time since you have asked anything of me, and I
implore you not to get into debt, for my purse is
always at your disposal. Treat me in such mat-
ters as your true friend."

No doubt all this was kind and generous, but it
wounded me every time more and more. She
had not noticed that for several years I had cost
her nothing, without getting into debt. When I
lost her, I regretted most the hope I had eagerly
cherished, that she might love me some day. I
wept at the thought that I might have loved her
passionately if she had wished it. In short, I
mourned that I could not more truly mourn for
my mother.

What I have now related has no connection
with the episode of my life which I am about to
retrace. There is no bond between my early
youth and the adventures which follow. So I
might have dispensed with this explanation; but
it seemed necessary to me. A narrator is a pas-

sive being, who tires when he does not relate all the facts which concern his own peculiar character. I have always detested stories in which the I predominates, and if I do not relate mine in the third person, it is because I feel myself capable of rendering an account of myself, and of being, if not the principal hero, at least an active sharer in the events whose remembrance I here recall.

I give this little drama the name of a place where my life was revealed and unfolded. My own name, or rather that which was given me at my birth, was Adorno Salentini. I do not know why I was not called Soavi like my father. That might not have been his real name. One thing is certain—he died before I was born. My mother, frightened and surprised, had hidden from him the result of their liaison, that she might break it off the more thoroughly.

From such causes as these, feeling myself twice an orphan, I became used to relying solely upon myself. I cultivated habits of discretion and reserve, in consideration of those instincts of courage and pride which I carefully cherished within.

Two years after the death of my mother, when I was twenty-seven years old, I was already free and independent according to my ideas, for I earned a little money, and my wants were few. I had reached a certain reputation without the annoyance of too many patrons, a certain excellence without dreading or courting the opinion of any, and the inward satisfaction of a sure progress, and the distinct vision of my artistic future. I felt growing within me all I then wanted, and I awaited its fulfilment with a secret joy which sustained me, and a calm behavior which prevented me from having any enemies. No one had foreseen in me a fearful rival; and as for me, I was troubled by no fatal competition. No professional glory made me fear. I smiled to myself in seeing men, more uneasy and impatient than myself, become dazzled by any slight success. Quiet and easy in my life, I could see in myself a strength of patience of which I knew those more violent natures, carried away around me like leaves by the stormy wind, wholly incapable. Hence I offered to the eye of Him who sees all, that which I hid from the dim and dangerous glance of mankind: the contrast of a peaceful temper, a lively imagination and a firm will.

At twenty-seven I had never loved, and certainly it was for no lack of love in my blood and in my head, but my heart was still my own. I knew it so well that I blushed at a favor as if it was a weakness, and I almost reproached myself for what others would have considered good fortune. Why did my heart refuse to share the intoxication of my youth? I cannot tell. There is no man who can so explain himself as not to be at times a mystery to himself. Neither can I explain my inward coldness except by inference. Perhaps my desires bore too strongly towards my art. Perhaps I was too proud to give up myself before I was understood. Perhaps indeed—and it seems to me that in my distant memories I can recall such a feeling—perhaps I had in mind an ideal woman whom I did not yet consider myself worthy of possessing, and for whom I wished to keep myself pure from all stain.

But my day drew near. As the expression of my life became easier to me in painting, the out-

burst of my concealed power was preparing within me with an increasing restlessness. At Vienna, during a severe winter, I became acquainted with the Duchess de —, a noble Italian, beautiful as an antique cameo, a dazzling woman of the world, and *dilettante* in every kind of art. She chanced to see a picture of mine, and understood it better than the others who surrounded it. She spoke of me in terms which flattered my vanity. I saw that she placed me higher than did the public, and that she exerted herself for my fame for the sake of Art, without knowing the artist. I was flattered by it; gratitude began to melt my pride. I sought an introduction, and was received even better than I had expected. My face and manner of speaking seemed to please her, and she told me almost at our first meeting, that the man in me was superior to the painter. I felt myself more impressed by her grace, her elegance, and her beauty, than I had ever before been by any other woman.

One thing only troubled me: a certain indolent manner, measured phrases of approval, and certain forms of sympathy and encouragement, reminded me of the mild, generous and thoughtless woman whose child and protégé I had been. At times I tried to persuade myself that it was one reason more for my attachment to her; but again I trembled lest I might find under such a charming exterior a woman of the world, that frivolous and cold being, skilled in trifles, out of her sphere in serious things, generous in her acts, without being it intentionally, delighting in the happiness of others when it does not endanger her own.

I loved, doubted, and suffered. She had not a decided reputation for austerity, although her failings had never excited scandal. I had every hope of inspiring her with a caprice. That did not intoxicate me; I was not child enough to be flattered by a caprice; I was enough of a man to aspire to be the object of a passion. I burned with a secret fire too long suppressed to hide from myself that I was almost the prey of a violent passion; but when I almost yielded, I trembled at the thought of giving so much for so little—perhaps nothing. I was afraid, not exactly of being one more victim—what of that, when the evil is sweet and deep?—but for fear of wasting my soul, my moral strength, my artist future, in a struggle full of error and anguish. I was afraid of not being enough deceived never to dread the return of my fast-escaping penetration.

One night we went to the theatre together. I had not seen her for several days. She had been ill, or at least her door had not been open to me, and her features were slightly changed. She had given me a place in her box, to be present with her and another friend, a sort of convenient nobody, at the *début* of a young opera singer.

During the real or feigned illness of the duchess, I had worked with great ardor and a sort of feverish spirit. I had not left my atelier and had seen no one, so that I was not in the way of hearing the gossip of the town.

"Who is to make his *début* to-night?" I asked her just before the overture.

"Is it possible that you do not know?" she asked, with a fond smile, which seemed to thank me for my indifference to anything not belonging to her.

Then she continued, with an air of indifference:

"It is a very young man, from whom much is hoped. He boasts a name celebrated on the stage; that of Celio Floriani."

"Any relation," asked I, "of the famous Lucrezia Floriani, who died two or three years ago?"

"Her own son," replied the duchess; "a youth of twenty-four, beautiful and intelligent as his mother."

I thought this praise too strong; jealousy was rising within me. I thought the duchess too hasty in praising youthful talent, without remembering how grateful I should have been to her on my own account.

"Do you know him?" I asked her, with as much outward calm as I felt inward emotion.

"Yes, slightly," she replied, unfolding her fan; "I have heard him twice since his arrival."

I made no further remark, but changed our conversation, to see if I could not get out of her, unsuspected, the acknowledgment which I dreaded. After five minutes' seemingly aimless talk, I learned that the duchess had heard young Celio Floriani twice in her own salon, while the door had been closed upon me, for he had been in Vienna but five days.

I concealed my anger, but it was guessed at, and the duchess smoothed it over as well as she could. I was not yet sufficiently intimate with her to claim an explanation. But she made a tolerably sufficient one, and my bitterness gave way to gratitude. She had known the great Floriani intimately, and had first seen her son with her. He came, as a matter of course, to pay his respects to her upon his arrival, and, although ill and confined to her room, she consented to receive and hear him, thinking it her duty to grant him her aid and patronage. He had sung to her before her physician and at his advice. "I do not know whether I was weary of being alone," she added, languidly, "or whether my nerves were unstrung by my diet; but I am sure that he pleased me, and I hoped for a great deal at his *début*. He has a superb voice, fine execution, and a charming person; but what will he be on the stage? It is so different to hear a virtuoso in private. I dread for the poor child the terrible ordeal of the public. The name he bears is a heavy burden for him; much will be expected; *noblesse oblige*."

"It is cruel, madame," said the Marquis R., who was seated behind us. "The public is stupid; they ought to know that the children of geniuses are always inferior. It is a law of nature."

"I am happy in believing you mistaken, or rather in thinking that nature is not always so foolish," replied the duchess with a quizzical look. "Your daughter is a charming and sensible person." Then, as if she sought to weaken the disagreeable effect which such a hasty repartee might have had upon me, she whispered behind her fan:

"I chose the marquis for my cavalier to-night because he is the stupidest of all my friends."

I knew also that the marquis invariably went to sleep when the curtain rose; and I felt pleased and full of good wishes for the young debutante.

"What sort of a voice has he?" I asked.

"Who? the marquis?" asked she, smiling.

"No, your protégé."

"*Primo basso cantante*; he ventures in a difficult rôle to-night. Hush! they are beginning;

he comes on the stage. Only look! Poor child! how he must tremble!"

She waved her fan. A slight applause greeted the entrance of Celio. She joined in it so eagerly with the faint noise of her little hands, that her fan fell. "Come," said she, as I picked it up, "applaud the name of Floriani; it is a great and honored name in Italy, and we Italians must sustain it, for she was one of our greatest glories."

"I heard her in my childhood," answered I. "Why, you must have known her after she left the stage, for you are too young——"

There was then no time to find out by round-about talk whether the duchess had seen the Floriani once or twenty times in her life. I learned later that she had never seen her except from her box, and that Celio was simply introduced to her by the Count Albani. I learned other things too—but Celio began his recitative, and the duchess coughed too much to answer me. She had such a bad cold!

CHAPTER II.

THE GLOW-WORM.

At that time there was at the imperial theatre a cantatrice who would have impressed me had not the Duchess de —— victoriously filled all my thought. This singer was neither very beautiful, very young, nor of the first order of talent. Her name was Cecilia Boccaferri. She was thirty years old; her features wore a slight shade of weariness; she had a fine figure, distinction, and a voice rather sweet and sympathetic than powerful; she filled quietly, without dispute on the part of the public, the place of a *seconda donna*.

Without dazzling me, she pleased me more in private than on the stage. I had met her sometimes at the house of a professor of singing, who was my friend and her former teacher, and also in a few drawing rooms, where she had sung with great stars. She was said to live discreetly, and to support her old father, an artist, lazy and irregular in his habits. She was a calm and modest person, who was everywhere received with respect, although in society no one troubled himself about her.

She entered with Celio, and although she never busied herself with the public when she sang her rôle, she turned her eyes towards the box where we were sitting. There was something that struck me in her hasty and stolen glance. It disposed me to be on my guard that night.

Celio Floriani was a youth of twenty-four or five, and of wonderful beauty. He was said to be the image of his mother, who was the most beautiful woman of her age. He was tall, without being too much so; slender, but not lank. His unconstrained limbs were full of elegance, and his large, full chest showed great strength. His head was small as that of a beautiful antique statue; his features pure and delicate, with a lively expression and marked color; his eyes black and sparkling; his hair thick and waved, and parted naturally upon his forehead according to the rules of the Italian art; his nose was straight, his nostrils clear and dilated, his eyebrows distinct as the trace of a pencil, his mouth vermilion and finely chiselled, his moustache silky and surrounding his upper lip with a natural wave full of coquettish grace; the contour of his cheek was faultless, his ear small, his neck free, round, white and strong, his hands and feet

well formed, his teeth dazzlingly white; his smile was satirical, and his glance very bold. I looked at the duchess. I could observe her much better, as she did not mind me, so much was she absorbed by the entrance of the debutant.

Celio's voice was superb, and that he knew how to sing was evident from his first notes. His beauty could not injure him; and yet when I looked from the duchess to the actor, he became insupportable. At first I thought it a jealous prejudice, and was ashamed of it. I applauded him and encouraged him with one of those low bravos which the actor hears so plainly upon the stage. Then I met the glance of Signora Boccaferri fastened upon the duchess and myself. This preoccupation was unlike her, for her carriage had always been remarkably grave and conscientious.

But it was in vain for me to assume indifference. On one hand I saw the duchess, disturbed by a strange trouble, an emotion which she could not hide, or which she did not even try to conceal; on the other I saw the handsome Celio, in spite of his boldness and his resources, fast approaching one of those falls from which one so seldom rises, or at least towards such a fiasco as is followed by years of discouragement and powerlessness.

Really, this young man presented himself with a coolness which bordered upon insolence. It seemed as if he had written his great name upon his forehead, to be greeted and worshipped without examining his own individual merits. It seemed as if his beauty should make even men abashed. Nevertheless, he had talent and undisputed power; he did not act badly, and he sang well; but his soul was insolent, and that shone from every pore of his body. The manner in which he received the first applause displeased the public. In his bow and in his eyes this modest mental soliloquy was easily read: "Crowd of fools that you are, you will soon be obliged to applaud me more. I scorn the feeble tribute of your indulgence; I claim tempests of admiration."

During two acts he kept up this disdainful hauteur, and the uncertain public generously forgave his pride, wishing to see if he could justify it and if it was his lawful right or an impertinent presumption. I could not tell myself which it was, for I listened to him with bitter interest, since I could no longer doubt the infatuation of my companion for him. I told her so, bluntly enough, but without offending her, without diverting her; she only awaited a moment of signal triumph for Celio, to tell me that I was a fool, and that she had never given me a thought. This moment of triumph upon which both counted was a duet with Boccaferri in the third act. That good creature seemed to enter into it with good grace, and to wish herself forgotten in the success of the debutant. Celio had saved his powers for that; he reached the grand point, sure of carrying it.

But what passed between the public and himself so suddenly? No one could explain it, while all felt it. There he stood like a magnetizer, striving to get power over his patient, discouraged by the slowness of the action. The public was like the patient, waif and doubtful, who only waited to confess or to deny the spell, to say: "He is a prophet or a charlatan." And yet Celio did not sing badly; his voice did not fail him. Perhaps he wished to increase the

effect by a trick that was too palpable; was it a false gesture, a doubtful note, or a ridiculous attitude? I cannot say. I saw the duchess ready to faint, while the sinister coldness spread over the audience, and a ghastly smile glimmered on every face. When the aria was finished, a few friends tried to applaud; two or three distinct hisses, against which no one dared protest, made deep silence; the fiasco was accomplished.

The duchess was pale as death, but it was only for a moment. Recovering her self-possession with wonderful tact, she turned towards me, smiling and braving my glance as if nothing had changed between us: "*Allons!* that singer needs three years more of study. The stage is a very different test from the private auditory, prepossessed in his favor. But I did believe he would get through it better. Poor Floriani! how she would have suffered had she been living! But what ails you, Salentini? I should not think you were so much interested in the *debut* as to be stunned by the failure."

"I was not thinking of it, madame," answered I; "I was observing and listening to Mademoiselle Boccaferri, who has just sung a simple sentence wonderfully well."

"Ah! bah! you are listening to Boccaferri, are you? I don't honor her so much, and don't really know whether she sings well or badly."

"I do not believe you, madame; for you are too good a musician and too much of an artist, not to have observed that she sings like an angel."

"Anything but that. But what do you mean, Salentini? Are you really speaking of Boccaferri? I must have misunderstood."

"You have understood me perfectly, madame. Cecilia Boccaferri is an accomplished person and an artist of great merit. It is your doubt that surprises me."

"Indeed! you are facetious to-day," answered the duchess, not at all disconcerted.

She was charmed at what she supposed was my malice; she was far from believing me calm and entirely freed from her, or anywhere near it.

"No, madame," answered I, "I am not joking. I have always admired those souls who respect themselves, and who keep whatever place the public assigns them, without envy, disgust, or foolish ambition. Signora Boccaferri is a person of such pure and modest talent, that she has no need of applause or garlands to keep her in the right path. Her voice lacks brilliancy, but her singing never lacks roundness. Her timbre, rather veiled, has a charm which strikes me. Many prima donnas now in fashion, have no more fulness nor freshness in their throats. There are enough who have none at all. Then they call artifice, which is falsehood, to their aid, instead of art. They make an artificial voice, a peculiar method, which consists in escaping the faulty parts of their register, to show off certain notes, screamed, shaken, sobbed, smothered ones, which they have at their disposal. This pretended learned and dramatic style is mere sleight of hand, an awkward juggling, an imposture which only deceives the ignorant; but surely it is not singing—it is not music. What becomes of the composer's idea, the sense of the melody, the genius of the rôle, when, instead of a natural declamation, which is only true and pathetic when it has its changing shades of passion and of calm, of sadness and of rapture, the cantatrice, incap-

ble of *saying* or *singing* anything, screams, sighs and shrieks through her part, from one end to another? Besides, what coloring, what expression, what sense can a song have written for the voice, when, instead of a human, living voice, the worn-out performer uses a shriek, a grating, a continual choking. One might as well sing Mozart with Punch's whistle between his lips; one might as well listen to the groans of epilepsy. It is art no longer—it is a positive reality."

"Bravo, sir painter!" said the duchess with a fond and cunning smile; "I did not know you were so learned and subtle in musical matters. Why is this the first time you have talked so well? I should always have been of your opinion, theoretically that is, for your application is bad. Poor Boccaferri has exactly one of those worn and used voices that can sing no more."

"And yet," said I, firmly, "she always does sing, and never does anything but sing; she never screams or sobs, and that is why the frivolous public never notice her. Do you believe her so unskilled as to be incapable of aiming at effect like everybody else, and of substituting artifice for art, if she should deign at any moment to lower her soul and her knowledge to that point? If to-morrow she should grow tired of being unnoticed, and should wish to act upon the nerves of her audience, she could eclipse her rivals, I am sure. Her voice, habitually veiled, is just one of those which would clear itself by a physical effort, and would vibrate powerfully when the possessor wishes to sacrifice pleasing to wonder, truth to effect."

"But then, agree with me, what remains to her if she has neither the courage nor the wish to produce effect by artifice, nor that health of organ which possesses a natural charm? She neither acts upon a mistaken imagination nor upon an accomplished ear, poor girl! She sings properly what is written for her; she never shocks, she never disturbs. She is a good musician, I must own, and useful in the ensemble; but alone she is nothing. Whether she enters or whether she goes out, the theatre is always empty when she glides through it with the morsels of her rôle and her little pearly phrases."

"I deny that, and for my part, I feel that she not only fills the theatre with her presence, but that she penetrates and enlivens the whole opera with her intelligence. I also deny that the absence of fulness in her voice takes away all charm; for it is not a weak voice; it is a delicate one, just as the beauty of Mademoiselle Boccaferri is not a faded, but a veiled beauty. That gentle beauty and sweet voice were never made for the gross tastes of the public; but the artist who understands them guesses at the truth which lies under that subdued expression, where the soul always reserves more than it promises, and never exhausts itself because it is not lavishly thrown away."

"O, a thousand times pardon, my dear Salentini," cried the duchess, laughing and stretching out her hand with a kind and merry air; "I did not know you were in love with the Boccaferri; if I had suspected it I should not have vexed you in speaking ill of her. Are you offended with me? Now, really, I did not know it."

I watched the duchess carefully. Had she been sincere in her kindness, I should have loved her again; but she could not bear my gaze, and the diabolic light gleamed stealthily from her eyes.

"Madame," said I, without kissing the hand I pressed so feebly, "you never need apologize for awkwardness, for I never was in love with Mademoiselle Boccaferri before to-night, and am beginning to understand her for the first time."

"And I have doubtless brought you to this discovery."

"No, madame, it was Celio Floriani."

The duchess shuddered, but I continued, calmly:

"It was in seeing how little conscience that youth had that I felt the value of it in painting and the other arts."

"Explain that to me," said the duchess, pretending to defend Celio. "I did not see that the handsome fellow lacked conscience; he lacked success; that was all."

"He missed everything that is most sacred," answered I, coldly; "he lacked love and respect for his art. He deserved to be punished by the public, although the public has rarely such instincts of justice and pride. Comfort yourself however, madame; his success only hung by a thread; and in proceeding always with boldness and self-satisfaction, an artist may be applauded, make dupes and find his victims; but I, who can see clearly and impartially through the matter, understand that the absence of charm and power in this young man is owing to his vanity, his desire for admiration, and the little love he felt for what he sang—to his lack of respect for the spirit and traditions of his part. I am sure that he has always been brought up with the idea that he could not fail, and that he had the gift of making an impression. Probably he is a spoiled child. He is pretty, bright and graceful. His mother, very likely, was his slave, and all his lady friends doubtless dote him with indulgence. That of praise is the most fatal of all. So he presents himself to the public, like a daring coquette, who dashes triumphantly by, spattering with mud the poor world from her high equipage. No one can deny that Celio is young, handsome and brilliant; but they have begun to hate him, because there is something coquettish in his manner. Yes, coquettish is the word. Do you know what a coquette is, madame la duchesse?"

"I have no idea, Signor Salentini, but you can tell me, doubtless."

"A coquette," answered I, undisturbed by her disclaim, "a coquette is a woman who sells herself for vanity, as a courtesan for avarice. She assumes boldness to hide her own weakness; she pretends to despise all, that she may rid herself of the heavy weight of public scorn; she tries to crush the crowd, that others may forget how she bows and cringes in the dust to every one; she is a mixture of boldness and meanness, of rash bravado and secret terror. God forbid that I should apply this portrait to any of your friends! To Celio himself I do not apply it without great qualification. But I do say that almost every artist who labors for success without conscience and holy meditation, follows a little in the steps of the prostitute without knowing it. They affect to despise the good opinion of others, while they have labored all their lives to obtain it. They are angry at failing to triumph, because that triumph was their only aim. If they were in love with Art itself, they would be more calm, and would not trust their progress to a little praise or blame. Courtesans affect to despise the virtue which they envy. These artists of whom

I speak affect self-satisfaction because they are so ill at ease. Celio Floriani is the son of a great and true artist. He would not follow the traditions of his mother, and he is cruelly punished for it. God grant that he may profit by this lesson, and not fall back, but put himself to the work without anger or disgust. Shall I go and find him, madame, and invite him to sup with us after the play? He needs consolation, and it would be generous in you to cheer him in his misfortune. We are at the finale. I have a pass to go behind the scenes, and I will go and bring him here."

"No," answered the duchess, "I did not intend to sup to-night, and if you wish to prolong your evening, come and take tea with me and the marquis, whose obstinate sleepiness will leave the field free for our talk, and it seems that we have much to say to each other—that is, on the subject of Celio Floriani; so he would be *de trop* as much for me as for you."

She accompanied these words by an expression full of languor and passion, and rose to take my arm, but I waived the honor in placing myself behind the marquis. This woman, who only petted youthful talent when it was successful, and could abandon it so easily when it failed in public, suddenly became hateful to me. She affected me like those ugly and stupid children who chase a glow-worm through the grass, seize it, fondle it, and admire it while the phosphor brightens it, and then crush it, when the touch of their rude hands has quenched its light. Sometimes they torture it to reanimate it, but it grows dimmer and dimmer. At last they kill it, for it gives no more light, it shines no longer, it is utterly worthless. "Poor Celio," thought I, "where is your phosphor? Crawl into the ground for fear of being crushed. But I certainly will not profit by the *dé-a-tête* prepared for your triumph. I have a little light left, and I had rather keep it."

"Very well," said the duchess, imperiously; "then you are not coming?"

"Pardon me, madame," answered I; "I am going to congratulate Mademoiselle Boccaferri in her box. She has not succeeded better to-night than at other times, and she will sing as well to-morrow. I like to pay the feeble tribute of my admiration to those unknown and unappreciated talents who respect themselves, and console their hearts for the indifference of the public by the sympathy of their friends, and the inward certainty of their powers. If I meet Celio Floriani I shall seek his acquaintance. May I use your name? We are both your protégés."

The duchess crushed her fan and left the box without answering me. I felt that her suffering wounded me; but it was the last thrill of my heart for her. I sprang forward into the passages which led to the stage, resolved really to pay my homage to Cecilia Boccaferri.

[To be continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

THE MUSICAL VILLAGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUERSPERG.

There is, in Bohemia, a village to see,
Where each living thing a musician will be,
Like swallows reversed, in *spring time* flying,
In *autumn* you see them homeward hieing.
You think the nightingales all the world round
Must here, in one bush, together be found;
You think a thousand fountains gushing
In one melodious stream must be rushing.

Hark! with what rapture, in yonder inn,
An amateur twangs his violin!
The countries round are waiting to cheer it,
And you, lucky creature, already hear it!

But frightfully now, from a dwelling near,
The thumping kettle-drum stuns your ear,
As when, the miner's ear-drum smashing,
An avalanche down in the shaft comes crashing.

Hark! dulcet flute-tones, across the street,
Lull you to dreamy slumber sweet.
But here the trumpets, the whole air shaking,
Secure, with their din, your speedy waking.

Hark! voices of maidens! what lovely notes!
Your ear on a sea of harmony floats!
But alas! the bass-viol a neighbor pleases;
Your skiff, in the tempest, is shattered to pieces.

Hark! the wild bugle! magnificent sound!
The fragrant green-woods rustle around;
But yonder bagpipe's buzzing and humming
Warn you that bears to the woods are coming!

Here whispers the tender guitar the bliss
Of bowers of rose and the stolen kiss;
But a din of bassoons from yon house is sounding,
Like a gang of drunkards your sense confounding.

One practises on the clarionet,
Another his heart on the hautboy has set,
While down from the window comes harmony shattered,
Like a suicide's limbs on the pavement spattered.

Each single tone sounds pure and true,
And yet no concord will ever ensue,
As the chopped-up joints of snakes forever
Wind in and out, reuniting never.

And so it howls and whimpers and moans,
And screams and buzzes and mutters and groans,
As if the spirits of discord in choir
Were playing, with Satan to lead and inspire.

You fly to the door, a refuge to find,
And you feel that the birds are of just your mind.
The storks and swallows, who fled, on learning
That the crowd of musicians were homeward returning.

But when the snow is melted in spring,
Then forth from the village each living thing!
Man, woman and child, where fancy takes them,
North, South, East, West, or fortune directs them.

United now, as divided at home,
In couples, in trios, in bands they roam,
As the spirit of harmony garland-wise strings them,
And through the countries like flowers flings them.

All comes right in the village then,
The tribe of Larks make music again,
And back comes Lady Swallow flying,
And Master Stork is homeward hieing.

The players greet many a distant land,
Well-known and welcomed on every hand,
Find open ears and arms in all places,
And foaming tankards and smiling faces.

And now every bush has its nightingale,
And its waterfall every rocky vale;
In all the woodlands birds are singing,
Through all the valleys fountains are springing.

C. T. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 5, 1856.

CONCERTS.

COMPLIMENTARY TO—our Journal of Music!—The bantling has received a hearty God-speed upon entering its fifth year. On the very evening of the last publication day, which marked the completion of the first lustrum, or Olympiad rather, of its busy little life, we found it our first

pleasant duty (by way of prologue, as it were, to another round of musical reportship,) to attend a concert given to the child—our four-year-old-er, which has been on its feet and practising its parts of speech now long enough to answer for itself. Therefore please understand, dear reader, that it is the bantling itself that speaks, and that the parental editorial "we" is not after all entrapped into any personal self-reference.

The compliment proceeded in the first instance from the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, a society of amateurs, with which from its first formation on the basis of a little college musical club, about the time of our graduation, many of our pleasantest musical experiences and aims have been connected; a society of liberally educated men who have simply sought to elevate the character of music (in a land where it was but a pastime or a trade,) by bringing it somewhat into recognized relations with all serious and true gentlemanly culture, and by inducing possibly our Alma Mater to adopt and honor the divine vagabond and foundling; a Society which, claiming no place among the professors of the Art, (although it does not abandon the hope of counting among its other fruits some day a real live Professor of Music in the University at Cambridge,) has yet exerted not a little influence on the musical growth of this community: for instance, in founding the first musical library; in setting the first example of classical chamber concerts in this city; in initiating and placing beyond a peradventure the movement from which sprang our noble Boston Music Hall; and finally, in first welcoming into the world with its substantial sympathy this very Journal of Music, which it now cheers and encourages again, lest it should faint in the unceasing battle with the prosaic apathy, the open utilitarian hostility, the vulgar glittering counterfeits, the pretentious services of merely speculating and self-seeking allies, all conspiring to strangle the true life of Art in this so prosperous and rapidly expanding nation. Our Journal therefore has almost a filial tie with the Harvard Musical Association, and at the concert on Saturday evening we felt as if these first and best friends of the child had invited themselves there, with gifts in their hands, to celebrate its birth-day.

The compliment proceeded secondly, and equally, from the accomplished artists who so warmly testified their sense of social duty to an organ which with its humble means endeavors to uphold the true ideal of their Art, by furnishing the fine music of the occasion,—as well as from not a few besides of our best artists, vocal and instrumental, who cordially offered their services to the committee. With great regret these offers had to be declined, in deference to the indispensable unity and limitations of a chamber concert. The will is as good as the deed.—And thirdly, acknowledgments are due also to the large, intelligent and sympathizing audience assembled in the lecture room of the Music Hall that night, drawn, we are sure, as much by interest in the Journal which has been so long a familiar guest in their houses, as by the exquisite music which so well illustrated the artistic spirit which it is our common aspiration to possess and cultivate.

The concert itself was truly one of the most beautiful of the season, and gave general delight. All the selections were of the choicest. We never heard our friends of the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB play more finely than they

did in the Allegro and Andante of that delightful Quartet in B flat (No. 3) by Mozart. The Allegro is the most joyful, childlike, genial thing imaginable, and sounded like the most delicate and sure harbinger of Spring, singing, "Why, now comes in the sweet 'o the year." It confirmed all in the best humor, which the Adagio (as — is wont to say) "carried up to ecstasy." The only regret was that we could not have the other movements. MR. KREISSMANN, who in point of true artistic style and feeling is unsurpassed by any singer that we have among us, and who is perhaps our best interpreter of the best types of German song, sang first from Mozart,—not from the *Così fan tutte*, as set down in the programme, but from the *Entführung aus dem Serail*, that beautiful song in which the lover is full of hope and longing on the point of again seeing his mistress. *Gieb, Liebe, mir nun Freuden, und bringe mich zum Ziel*, (Give me, O Love, the long promised joys, and bring me to the goal). On these last words, repeatedly, the voice lifts itself by semitones through long sustained high notes in a manner most expressive of the ardent yearning, and the singer, so far as his voice enabled, did it with the utmost skill and feeling. OTTO DRESEL played but once, but that was a piece and a performance not to be forgotten. With a quintet accompaniment of muted strings, fit mystical background for such delicately dreamy, spiritual confessions of the tone-poet, he played most exquisitely the Romance (Adagio) from the first Concerto of Chopin. He was applauded and recalled most vehemently, but simply bowed acknowledgments, and would not volunteer the little gems of solos which everybody hoped to hear, knowing too well the danger of expanding the first part of a programme till the mind becomes too full, too weary for the last. MRS. J. H. LONG's first selection was most admirable, that best perhaps of the "Soirées Musicales" of Rossini, the barcarole, *La Gita in Ginevra*, with the exquisite accompaniment played by Mr. Dresel, and of which we have before spoken as reminding us of the freshness and richness of the music in the opening of "William Tell." For so difficult a piece it was sung remarkably well, but should be heard more than once to be quite appreciated by an audience.

Part II. opened with the Adagio ("God save the Emperor") and variations, from Haydn's 77th Quartet, finely played by the Quintette Club. Then came three of the fresh and original songs of the great song genius of our day, ROBERT FRANZ, admirably sung by Mr. Kreissmann, and accompanied (in these songs as delicate and as essential a matter as the singing) by Mr. Dresel. All three songs were extremely seasonable; all fresh and fragrant with the coming in of Spring: the first a "Welcome to the Woods;" the second, entitled *Im Frühling*, tells how the new songs come with the earth's awakening and bursting its icy chains; the third, *Frühlingsgedränge*, sings the glad wild impulses and sad mysterious longings which revisit the poetic soul when Spring returns. MRS. LONG surpassed herself in rendering the dear old gem of melody, *Porgi amor*, from Mozart's *Figaro*. The whole closed with the richest and grandest thing it would be possible to find in the whole category of instrumental chamber music, the B flat Trio of Beethoven, for piano, violin, and 'cello. MR. TRENKLE played the piano forte in a way that

called forth general enthusiasm, and the brothers FRIES came in for a full share of the applause. With Otto Dresel turning over the leaves for his younger brother pianist, the whole thing had a truly artistic look, and Beethoven again spake to us, and was glorified in a true heart's homage.

The concert seemed as short as it was beautiful. We can only return sincere thanks to all who were so generously concerned in it, and to all who would have been had there been room for them. And we thank them the more that we may thus make this report and this acknowledgment save us the trouble of all other trumpet-blowing that might have been incumbent on us at this beginning of another volume. Let "these presents" signify that the Journal of Music has not failed to win friends and acquire a certain recognized value among music-lovers, even in its day of small things; and may this encourage others to subscribe and read, that it may have the means of doing greater things!

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS.—The second of these orchestral entertainments drew out a crowd worthy of the music, and of the sweetest, sunniest Spring day we have yet had. Indeed nearly every seat in the Music Hall had its contented occupant, and the scene itself, without the music, was well worth the admission price. The Symphony was that charming one of MOZART, in E flat, which ranks only next to the "Jupiter" and the G minor. We know not when we ever have enjoyed a work of Mozart more. It was in perfect harmony with that sunny Spring day. Each of the four movements is unspeakably beautiful, so that we could hardly tell which we liked best; indeed they form an indivisible and perfect whole. The rich, majestic introduction commands and fills the mind at once; you give yourself up in glad, unquestioning faith to a guide who cannot mistake the way of beauty and of inspiration; and the Allegro is a glorious fulfilment of the promise. The Andante breathes the pure ecstasy of love, modulating anon into darker moods and shadowy terrors of the infinite, only to measure the height of so much bliss. It is one of the loveliest of Mozart's slow movements, exquisite in every detail, and leaving a most harmonious and profound impression. The naive, happy little Minuetto, which has recently become so familiar hereabouts in piano arrangements by SATTER and others, was intensely relished; and the Finale, so quaint and Haydn-like in its merry rondo theme, but interrupted by, or rather insensibly yielding to that purely Mozartean sigh of too much happiness, seemed quite as much an inspiration as all the rest. To describe the delicious instrumentation, the manner in which the strings, the reeds, and the sparingly used brass, conspire to perfect clearness and unity with never ceasing variety of utterance, would be to enter again into an analysis of the wonderful art of Mozart, which M. OULIBICHEFF has done for us better than we could do. Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra were remarkably successful in the rendering of every part of it; it evidently took effect upon the general audience; we did not feel our own enjoyment interfered with by the suspicion even of unsympathetic or apathetic presences. We believe a proposition for the repeating of the whole would have commanded a pretty large vote. Gungl's "Dreams on the Ocean" had perhaps more attraction to the younger audience; but he

never dreamed anything so fine as Mozart always lived and realized; indeed we fear his dreams, on the ocean or elsewhere, have been more of dollars than of divine beauty. Yet it was well after a solid symphony and overture to gratify the lighter tastes with Gungl, and the "Brightest Eyes Galop"; and to recall a touch of the dear Italian opera by the *Lucia* finale for those who find luxury in tears, and the MEYERBEER "Coronation March" for those who delight in pomp and celebration.

But before these various sweet-meats came the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Nothing could sound more utterly unlike the symphony by Mozart. Here was music altogether of another nature; somewhat hard, ungenial perhaps in contrast with the symphony, and yet music of decided power, music that shows imagination, that quickens imagination in the hearer; music in which the modern art of instrumentation is carried to a rare pitch of splendor and effect. Perhaps it was the influence of the Mozart music, but our ears were more sensitive than usual to the screaminess of those high violin passages, and to the jarring roughness of the trombones, and to the too literal pandemonium of the tamborine and cymbals. But we cannot resist the mighty progress of the piece, and the finale is indeed most powerfully worked up. Bating a certain roughness in some parts, the overture was clearly and effectively played, and the applause was hearty and emphatic.

GUSTAV SATTER'S PHILHARMONIC SOIREEES. The third and last of these soirées filled the spacious room of Messrs. Hallett & Davis to overflowing. The programme was as follows:

- PART I.**
1. Overture: "Coriolanus," Beethoven
For two Grand Pianos.
Messrs. Gustav Satter and B. J. Lang.
 2. Adagio and Finale, Quartette in D. Haydn
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
 3. a "Bachlein, lass dein Rauschen sein" Haerfel
b The Bard Silcher
August Kreissmann and Club.
 4. Duo Concertant Benedict & David
For Piano and Violin.
Messrs. A. Fries and G. Satter.
 5. Andante and Finale, of the Quintette Mozart
Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
- PART II.**
6. Quartette, F Minor Mendelssohn
Messrs. A. & W. Fries, Ryan, and Satter.
 7. Ronde et Barcarolle "Northstar," Satter
Miss Eliza Josselyn.
 8. a Praise of Song Maurer
b Sereade Marschner
A. Kreissmann and Club.
 9. Overture: "Egmont," Beethoven
For two Grand Pianos.
Messrs. Satter and B. J. Lang.
 10. Overture to "William Tell," (by general request,) Rossini
Gustav Satter.

Certainly a very rich programme, but too long. Several items in it might have been retrenched to advantage, both in respect to quantity and unity. The two overtures by BEETHOVEN are two of his best, both intensely dramatic, full of rapid, concentrated fire, the counterparts to one another, yet essentially distinct creations. Nothing have we more longed for some years to hear our orchestras play than the overture to "Coriolanus." It embodies all the fire and spirit of the Shakespearian tragedy, as its companion piece does that of "Egmont." To hear it, to hear both well played upon two grand pianos, was next to the coveted satisfaction. Mr. SATTER and his young friend, Mr. LANG, played them with precision, force and brilliancy, and the effect was quite imposing. The Duo Concertante was on well-known themes from "Oberon," a very ingenious and pleasing variation piece, in which Mr. Satter displayed all his wonderful facility, equality and clearness of finger in the most difficult and liquid

running passages. MENDELSSOHN's piano quartet in F minor produced a great impression; it is a superb work; but some of the strong passages, especially the conclusion of the finale, were brought out with rather too much *furor* by the pianist. Mr. Satter's little Barcarole, &c., (from *L'Etoile du Nord*.) was creditably played by the young lady, whom we take to be his pupil; but considering the length of the programme, it could have been spared.

The contributions of the Quintette Club were of their best. That Adagio and Finale by HAYDN are always a luxury to hear; and those two movements from the Clarinet Quintet of MOZART are luscious as a golden pear. Nothing, however, in the evening gave us a fresher pleasure than the German four-part songs sung by Mr. KREISSMANN and a selection of voices from the Männerchor. The pieces were fine in themselves, and were sung with most admirable blending of parts, and observance of light and shade and all the points of expression. One or two of the voices, especially among the basses, were of quite a rich and refined quality; and the whole was really a model of male four-part singing.

We did not stay to hear the overture to "Tell," of which we had before heard Mr. Satter's wonderful piano-forte reproduction. After the "Egmont" it was too much; we renounced it contentedly, as we did gladly the "National Airs" promised in a note at the bottom of the programme, in answer to the "urgent solicitation of many."

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, MASS., April 4. I have taken the liberty to send you a programme of choice music performed at a private concert in Worcester last evening. This most agreeable entertainment, generously provided by our talented fellow-citizen, Mr. B. D. ALLEN, assisted by eminent instrumental performers and by vocal talent of a high order, was listened to with undivided attention and even musical appreciation, and the performance as a whole was entirely worthy of so excellent a programme.

- PART I.**
1. Piano-Forte Duet. Sonata in F Mozart.
Allegro di molto.—Andante.—Allegro.
Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.
 2. Four-Part Songs Mendelssohn.
(a) O fly with me. (b) The hoar-frost fell. (c) Over the Grave.
Hauptman Club.
 2. Piano-forte. Andante Favori Beethoven.
B. D. Allen.
 4. Four-Part Song. "Vale of Rest" Mendelssohn.
Hauptman Club.
- PART II.**
5. Piano-Forte and Violin. Sonata in G. No. 5 Mozart.
Adagio.—Allegro Molto.—Tema con Variazioni.
Messrs. Burt and B. D. Allen.
 6. Songs. (a) The Summer's Call. (b) The Baby. B. D. Allen.
Miss Fiske.
 7. Piano-Forte. Rondeau. Op. 15 Chopin.
Miss Bacon.
 8. Four-Part Songs Mendelssohn.
(a) Presage of Spring. (b) The Primrose. (c) Festival of Spring.
Hauptman Club.
 9. Piano-Forte Duet. Schubert.
Marche caractéristique. Op. 121. No. 1.
Miss Bacon and B. D. Allen.

The rendering of Mendelssohn's "Four-part Songs," by the Hauptman Club, a private "Sängerbund" of twelve members, three for each part, under the very able direction of Mr. EDWARD HAMILTON of this city, formed one of the most noticeable and novel features of the evening's entertainment. The piano selections from Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin and Schubert, performed by Mr. B. D. ALLEN and Miss BACON, were, as usual, unexceptionable in character and interpretation, and the Violin Solo from Mozart, executed by Mr. BURT with accompaniment, was highly creditable and pleasing. Without allowing

ourselves any further comment or criticism, may we not hope for "many happy returns?"

W. S. B.

NEW YORK, April 2. I will just mention an interesting affair at which I was present last week, as an item of musical intelligence. Mad. LAGRANGE, MORELLI, and BRIGNOLI sang for the pupils of the Blind Asylum at a private matinée on Thursday afternoon. They did it with a hearty good will and with an obvious interest in the poor unfortunates that was very gratifying. Mad. Lagrange surpassed herself. She sang "*Qui la voce*," her own waltz, a Trio from Verdi's *I Lombardi*, with Morelli and Boignoli, and the *Inflammatus* from the *Stabat Mater*, with the chorus by the pupils, thus showing a variety of styles. Morelli sang the "*Pro peccatis*," also from the *Stabat Mater*, but was hoarse, and Brignoli "*Com é gentil*" and "*La Donna é mobile*," very finely. These pieces were interspersed with choruses by the blind, sung with a correctness and precision that did great credit to their teacher, Mr. LASAR, and among which two or three of Mendelssohn's Quartets were conspicuous. It was altogether a very agreeable occasion, but at the same time deeply touching. Several of the pupils, particularly the boys, could hardly restrain their delight, and will probably long remember their great enjoyment.

Musical Chat.

OTTO DRESEL's fourth and last Soirée is unavoidably postponed. We misunderstood the nature of the Complimentary Concert which has been tendered to him; it is to be altogether a *private* affair. . . . The HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY gave a good performance of "*Moses in Egypt*" before a large audience last Sunday evening. The chorus seats were very full, (the many among singers love to sing this brilliant music as the larger many love to hear it), and both the choruses and accompaniments, under Mr. ZERRAHN's direction, sounded finely. The part of the queen was sung, for the first time, by Mrs. HARWOOD, with a brilliant telling voice, with spirit, and considerable execution, although there is room yet for artistic cultivation. The other solos, quartets, &c., were sustained by Mrs. WENTWORTH, Mrs. HILL, Mr. ARTHURSON, Mr. WETHERBEE, Mr. BALL, and Mr. ADAMS, with their usual ability. It is to be repeated to-morrow evening.

The next Wednesday Afternoon Concert offers an uncommonly fine programme. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony, and the overture to *Freyschütz* are good enough for any classicist; Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" scarcely less so; it is as poetic as it is brilliant. The "Zanetta" is among the best of the light overtures, and that "vagabond" Polka ought to "comprehend all vagrants" for whom the rest is too good. The few opportunities still left for hearing this fine orchestra must not slip through our fingers.

A concert is to be given in the Tremont Temple next Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Church of Rev. Mr. GRIMES, the devoted pastor of the colored people in this city. The object is to liquidate a debt of \$4,000 which rests on the church; \$1,000 has been subscribed on condition that the whole shall be raised. Mr. and Mrs. MOZART, Miss TWICHELL, and Mr. J. R. ADAMS will sing, and Mr. B. J. LANG will play upon the piano; the programme is various and popular; the object certainly most worthy. . . . The concert for the German Benevolent Society, next Saturday evening, offers rare attractions; with the best overtures of Mozart, Weber, and Wagner, and the Andante of the Fifth Symphony, played by Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra; choruses by the German "Orpheus," led by Mr.

KREISSMANN, and solos by Mr. SATTER and Mr. SCHULTZE, it will be as good as one more "Orchestral Concert."

Worse than the "old clothes concerts," which hang their huge bonnet banners upon every wall, "Gift Concerts" still infest the musical atmosphere. One is announced in Portsmouth, N. H., in which Mr. Satter, the pianist, is to play; the gifts range from sleeve buttons to a horse and buggy. A friend, in sending us the programme, says upon the margin: "What a pity that Art's high priests are found serving in menageries!"

Sig. ARDITI's opera, *La Spia*, has run five times, and the season at the Academy was to close last night. Most of the New York critics complain of this cutting short; they agree that *La Spia* has in it the elements of success, and ought to draw for months. . . . At the third Sunday evening concert of BERGMANN's orchestra, a Symphony by Schumann (new in America), Beethoven's Septet, Mendelssohn's *Hebriden* overture, and an original overture by Mr. Bergmann, which was received with much favor. A march from *Tannhäuser* was encored. Miss BEHREND sang, among other things, the *Ave Maria* of Franz, with orchestral accompaniment. . . . The New Orleans Picayune learns that Signora ELISE OSTINELLI BISCACCANTI has been engaged for next winter at the Italian Opera in Paris. . . . The German papers in this country contain the call for the next great festival of the "Sängerbund," to be held in Cincinnati on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June next.

Some concerts have taken place in Lawrence, Mass., during the past month, which speak well for the progress of taste. In two of them Mr. L. H. SOUTHARD of this city conducted; overtures were played by a local orchestra, leader Mr. N. FITZ. Other overtures for four hands, among them that to *Egmont*, were played by Messrs. FITZ and G. W. COLBY, of Lowell. Each concert commenced with copious extracts from Handel's oratorio of "Samson," and a goodly variety of songs, glees, piano solos, &c., made out the remainder.

At a Charity Concert, too, given in one of the churches on a Sunday evening, the following was the programme:

1. Fugue for Organ Richini.
2. Kyrie, Gloria and Aeneas Dei, 7th Mass. Mozart.
3. "If with all your hearts," (Elijah) Mendelssohn.
4. "Where are thy bowers, O Canaan?" Rossini.
5. Flute Concerto for Organ Rink.
6. Offertorium: "O Gloriosa Domina," Lambillotte.
7. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," Handel.
8. Kyrie, 1st Mass. Haydn.
9. Offertorium: "Alma Virgo," Hummel.

The concert given in London by Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT and her husband in aid of the Nightingale Fund was crowded to excess. The programme contained a mass of good things, solid English measure, to wit:

Part I.—Symphony (G minor), Mozart; hymn for soprano, chorus and organ, "Hear my prayer, O God!" Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, Mendelssohn Bartholdy; air, "Ah me di tanti affanni," Mr. Swift, (*Davidde Penitente*), Mozart; choral fantasia, pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus, pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Beethoven; the 139th Psalm, and other passages of Scripture paraphrased, for soprano solo, chorus and orchestra, Otto Goldschmidt.

Part II.—Overture to Shakespeare's play of the *Tempest*, Benedict; aria and chorus, "Squallida veste è bruna," (*Il Turco in Italia*) Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, Rossini; concertstück, for pianoforte, with orchestra, pianoforte, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Weber; trio, for soprano and two flutes (*camp of Silesia*) Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, flutes, Messrs. R. Sidney Pratten and Rémusat, Meyerbeer; part-song, "When the West with Evening glows," Mendelssohn; finale, "Alziam gli evviva" (*Euryanthe*), soprano part by Mme. Jenny Goldschmidt, C. M. v Weber; march and chorus, from the *Ruins of Athens*, Beethoven. Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

We clip the following from the London *Athenæum*:—

We had occasion not long ago, to express our surprise at the few good and real street songs which the American collections display. Yet there is no want of poets and tune-makers in the "Land of Promise"; its drawing-rooms seem to be as liberally provided with

namby-pamby as our own; and the art of recommendation has rarely been more sweetly practised, and with more ingenuity, than in the following Advertisement, which caught attention in the columns of the *New York Musical Review*:—

"The 'Juniata Ballads,' by Marion Dix Sullivan—This work is a collection of original Ballads, intended for the use of Schools, and particularly adapted to the wants of little singers. They will be found very interesting and pretty. We give the Author's Preface:—'To my friends of the forest and the mountain, the river, the lake, and the sea-shore—of the poor—of the laboring—and to every child, the 'Juniata Ballads' are affectionately and respectfully dedicated. They are to be sung to the oar, the loom, and the plow—through the forest, over the prairie, and in the small log-cabin by the light of a pine-knot. They are written as they came to the mind of the composer, often unsought and undesired; the melody and the words together. The latter may not be poetical, but they at least harmonize with the former. Most of them commemorate in the mind of the writer some event, or place, or circumstance. 'The Blue Juniata,' [not inserted in this book, as it is not now my property,] was a wave of memory, bearing to my mind the beautiful river, with its voices, its color, and its wild surroundings. 'The Field of Monterey,' [not now in my possession,] commemorates the death of a brave young officer who fell in the streets of that city. 'Lightly on' was written as I riding along in the forest-land of Gen. J. J. Jackson, of Virginia, and its movement is the precise musical step of my brave and beautiful horse, Selim. The song is not now in my possession. Every one which the book contains is now published for the first time. The 'Surf-Song' was composed on the Pavilion Rocks in Gloucester, amid the shouts of the bathers and the coming-in of the flood tide. The 'Evening Hymn to the Savior' was first written upon a broken shell with a pencil, in a small boat, coming across the harbor of Plymouth, near sunset. If I knew which were the heavy and uninteresting songs in this collection, I would leave them all out; but as I do not, I will trust those to whom it is frankly offered, to do that favor for me, and to their kindness it is cheerfully confided. M. D. S."

The *New Yorker*, a new paper, serves up musical matters in that city in the most original manner. It appreciates Gottschalk with a vengeance:

Of all the soloists, singers, harpists, violinists, flutists, guitarists, violincellists, or pianists, our own American pet, GOTTSCHALK, is the greatest rife. The long hidden, modest, unassuming, mysterious Gottschalk. The accomplished gentleman, the ardent student, the for so long a time "poetical myth," of whom vague and curious accounts used to come to our ears, as being a monster with ten fingers on each hand, &c., has appeared among us bodily, and, whether considered as a pianist, musician, linguist, gentleman, or scholar, must hold a rank attained, to equal perfection, only by the favored few in any single one of these various departments.

Let us consider him here as merely a pianist. What is so god-like in any art as perfection? His piano performance is perfection personified. How, therefore can our admiration for him fall much short of worship? O wonderful, electric, fascinating GOTTSCHALK! we can scarcely wonder that the ancients, ignorant of the Christian religion, and the existence and divine attributes of an ever-living God, bowed down to the glory of the Sun and the beauty of the Moon: but if thou hadst appeared amongst them, we firmly believe their adoration would have been quickly changed to thee, as soon as the dazzling effulgence of thine overpowering superiority began to unfold itself to the wondering gaze and open ears of those benighted nations!

There, let us take breath! Does not that beat all the high-falutin' puffs you ever read? But is the writer really in earnest? we are led to ask by finding in another portion of his article the following:

As to GOTTSCHALK's solos, what more can we say than has been said about this terrific, and yet semi-celestial pianist? As to his compositions, his melodies certainly are built upon a framework of fundamental chords which renders them very much alike, and though each piece of his is a gem alone, yet when two or three of them are played in succession, the idea of something spelt in very much the same way that *gameness* is spelt naturally occurs to one's mind.

Advertisements.

PROGRAMME OF THE THIRD AFTERNOON CONCERT, AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL, Wednesday, April 9th, 1856.

1. Symphony: A minor (Scotch). Mendelssohn.
2. Overture: Zanetta. Auber.
3. Invitation to the Dance. Weber.
4. Vagabonden Polka. Gungl.
5. Overture: Der Freyschütz. Weber.

Concert to commence at 3½ o'clock.—Package of six tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$1. Single tickets 25 cents.
The Fourth Concert will be given Wednesday, April 16th.

Advertisements.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

MOSES IN EGYPT,

A GRAND ORATORIO BY ROSSINI.

Will be repeated at the Music Hall on SUNDAY EVENING, April 6th, assisted, as at the first performance, by

Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH,

Mrs. S. E. HARWOOD,

Mrs. F. A. HILL,

Mr. A. ARTHURSON,

Mr. J. Q. WETHERBEE,

Mr. S. B. BALL,

Mr. J. W. ADAMS.

CARL ZERRAHN, Conductor. F. F. MUELLER, Organist.

Tickets at 50 cents each, may be obtained at the principal Music Stores and Hotels, and at the Hall on the evening of the Concert.

Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

H. L. HAZELTON, Secretary.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT,

In aid of the GERMAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, at the BOSTON MUSIC HALL, on SATURDAY EVENING, April 12th, when will be performed the Overtures to the "Freischütz," "Magic Flute," and "Tannhäuser," and the Andante of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, by a full Orchestra, led by Mr. ZERRAHN. — Four Choruses by the German Singing Club, "ORPHEUS," under direction of Mr. KREISSMANN. — Solos by Mr. SATTEL on the Piano, and Mr. WM. SCHULTZE on the Violin. All the gentlemen have kindly volunteered their services. Tickets 50 cents each, to be had at the Music Stores, and of the undersigned Committee.

C. H. F. MORING, 23 Commercial Wharf.

R. ROELKER, 39 Court Street.

F. A. HIRSCH, 13 Doane Street.

G. ANDRÉ & CO.'S

Dépôt of Foreign and Domestic Music,

19 S. NINTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT,

(East side,) PHILADELPHIA.

A catalogue of our stock of Foreign Music, and of our own Publications, has just been published. Music and Music Books imported to order, as heretofore, from Germany, Italy, France and England.

SCHARFENBERG & LUIS,

IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN MUSIC,

HAVE REMOVED TO

No. 769 BROADWAY, corner of Ninth St.

NEW YORK.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS

AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL.

A Series of SIX WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS will be given at the Boston Music Hall, commencing March 26th, under the direction of CARL ZERRAHN. The Orchestra will be the same which has given so much satisfaction at the series of Orchestral Concerts just terminated. The selections will be of a character suited to all the various tastes of the community, consisting of Symphonies, Overtures, Arrangements from popular Operas, Waltzes, &c.

The managers pledge themselves to make these Concerts worthy of the liberal support of the community.

Packages of six tickets, to be used at pleasure, \$1. Single tickets 25 cts. For sale at the Music Stores and at the door. The Concerts will commence at 3½ o'clock.

CHOICE MUSICAL WORKS.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS, complete in two large quarto volumes, printed from engraved plates, and pronounced the most elegant specimen of music typography ever executed. Bound in cloth, embossed and lettered. — Price of a single vol. \$7.50; of both volumes, \$12.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS complete in one vol. quarto, bound in cloth, embossed and lettered. Price \$3.

MENDELSSOHN'S FOUR-PART SONGS. Text in German and English. The latter by J. C. D. PARKER. — In cloth, \$1.50; boards \$1.25

DITSON'S STANDARD OPERAS, 6 vols. Norma, Lucia, Sonnambula, Luciozia, Ernani. English and Italian text, each, \$2. Don Giovanni, Piano Solo, \$1.50.

ORATORIOS. Creation, \$1.25. Messiah, \$1.25. Moses in Egypt, \$1.50.

MASSSES. Mozart's Requiem, \$1; Mozart's 12th Mass, \$1; Beethoven's Mass in C, 75 cents; Haydn's 3d Mass, 75 cts.; Rossini's Stabat Mater, Latin and English words, \$1.

Published by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

C. BREUSING,

IMPORTER OF FOREIGN MUSIC,

701 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Dépôt of Erard's Grand Pianos.

CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY.

Constantly on hand a complete assortment of American Publications.

EDWARD L. BALCH,

Novello's Cheap MUSIC,

(Imported from England)

389, Broadway, N.Y.

The Latest Publications of

J. A. NOVELLO.

ORIGINAL LONDON EDITIONS.

Novello's Complete Folio Edition.

RINK'S PRACTICAL ORGAN SCHOOL,

Op. 55. Carefully revised and corrected; with the German directions and terms translated into English. Price \$3.75; or in Six Parts, 75 cents each.

PART I, price 75c., contains—

PREFACE.

Nos. 1 to 12. Short and easy pieces in two parts.

" 13 to 24. " " three parts,

" 25 to 36. " " four parts.

" 37 to 66. Preludiums, in various keys, for soft or loud stops.

PART II, price 75c., contains—

Nos. 67 to 132. Exercises for the pedals.

" 133 to 144. Twelve Chorales, or well-known German Psalm Tunes, with variations.

PART III, price 75c., contains—

Nos. 145 to 159. Fifteen easy Postludes, or Concluding Voluntaries, in the Fugue style.

PART IV, price 75c., contains—

Nos. 160 to 174. Fifteen Postludes, or Concluding Voluntaries for alternate manuals, in the Fugue style.

PART V, price 75c., contains—

Nos. 175 to 181. Seven Preludes and Fugues.

No. 182. The Flute Concerto.

" 183. Variations on "Hail dir Sieges Kranz," or, "God save the Queen."

PART VI, price 75c., contains—

Nos. 184 to 192. Nine Preludes and Fugues.

" 193 to 194. Fantasia and Fugue.

Please to order Novello's Edition, and quote the prices.

MENDELSSOHN'S

SIX GRAND SONATAS FOR THE ORGAN.

New Edition, complete in one Book, \$1.75, or singly, as follows:

No. 1. Price 44c.

2. " 25c.

3. " 25c.

No. 4. Price 38c.

5. " 25c.

6. " 31c.

Composed and dedicated to Dr. F. SCHLEMMER, by FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. Op. 65.

J. Alfred Novello, London and New York.

NOVELLO'S LIBRARY

FOR THE DIFFUSION OF

MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE.

Vol. 8. Dr. Crotch's Elements of Musical Composition with the musical examples properly combined with the text. The Musical Examples revised by Thomas Pickering (Former price \$5.20c.) In paper wrappers, \$1.13c. By mail—\$1.20c.

Volumes of this series already issued.

Vol. 1. Cherubini's Counterpoint and Fugue, \$1.63c.

" 2. Dr. Marx's General Musical Instruction, 1.63c.

" 3. Fests on Choral and Chorus Singing, .38c.

" 4. Mozart's secret Thoro' Bass School, .21c.

" 5. Cate's Treatise on Harmony, .63c.

" 6. Albrechtsberger's Collected writings on Thoro' Bass, Harmony and Composition for self-instruction. Vol. 1.

Harmony and Thoro' Bass, price 88c. Vols 2 and 3

Guide to Composition, 88c., each. Three vols. bound in one complete, Cloth Boards—\$2.63c.

J. A. NOVELLO,

Sacred Music Store, 389 Broadway, New York.

J. M. MOZART,

BASSO.

RESIDENCE, 18 MARION STREET, BOSTON.

Address Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington St.

OTTO DRESEL

Gives Instruction on the PIANO, and may be addressed at Richardson's Musical Exchange. Terms, \$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.

CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PATENT ACTION

GRAND AND SQUARE

PIANO-FORTES,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WAREHOUSES,

MASONIC TEMPLE,

TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON.

MUSIC AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

JOB PRINTING neatly and promptly executed at this Office.

ED. B. ROBINSON,

PIANO-FORTE TUNER.

Orders received at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street.

HEWES'

PATENT AMERICAN ACTION

PIANO-FORTE.

Manufactory, 379 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER,

Will be happy to give instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, and the Theory of Music. Address:—No. 3 Hayward Place. May 26. tf

P. F. DODGE,

MANUFACTURER OF PIANO-FORTE HARDWARE, 10 Beach St. Boston, and W. Cambridge, Ms. PIANOS FOR SALE OR TO LET.

SIG. AUGUSTO BENDELARI,

RESIDENCE, No. 80 PINCKNEY ST.

J. TRENKLE,

TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LAMOTTE

INSTRUCTION on the PIANO-FORTE, And may be addressed at her residence, 55 Hancock St.

CARL HAUSE

OFFERS his services as Instructor in Thorough Bass and in the higher branches of Piano playing. The attention of Amateurs, Professional Teachers, and others who may wish to accomplish themselves for public concert playing, or teaching, is respectfully requested.

Mr. Hause may be addressed at the music stores of Nathan Richardson, 282 Washington St., or G. P. Reed & Co., 17 Tremont Row.

L. H. SOUTHARD,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

245 Washington Street, Boston.

MR. AUGUST FRIES,

Teacher of Music, will be ready to receive pupils after October 15th, and may be addressed at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington street, or at his residence, 15 Dix Place.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,

TEACHER OF MUSIC,

U. S. HOTEL.

Communications can be left at Mr. Ditson's music store.

C. H. CLARKE,

TEACHER OF MUSIC, 265 Washington St.

RESIDENCE, 13 SHAWMUT STREET, BOSTON.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,

A Paper of Art and Literature,

Published every Saturday, at 21 School St. Boston.

Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Its contents relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music. 3. Musical News from all parts. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, &c. 8. Original and Selected Poems, &c. [Back numbers, from the commencement, can be furnished.—Address J. S. DWIGHT, 21 School St. Boston.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, per line, 10 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, per line 5 cts.
For one column, (126 lines) first insertion, . . . \$12.00
Do do each subsequent, . . . \$6.00
Special notices (headed), each insertion, per line 20 cts.
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

No. 21 SCHOOL STREET.

